

Believe

by PSYchOtIC-teNdencies

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Summary: A/U in which Jack Frost lived as a human on Berk, and looked out for the village children. Instead of a sister, there was a little boy who needed a friend, and something to believe in. Cotton-candy level fluff alert. baby!vikings, human!Jack Frost. One-shot for now, maybe more later.

Believe

**A/n: **I don't really know what this is. But it had to be done. I'm sorry to postpone other projects, but come on. Baby!vikings + human!Jack Frost?

WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO LIFE?

WARNINGS: Implied character death(s), very mild reactive mutism, an inaccurate representation of the characters' freckles, cheesy philosophies turned up to 11, and a metric ton of fluff.

(Sorry Hijackers, but no slash this round!)

This isn't very edited, I just slapped it together, it's silly and long-winded at the same time and I don't know but I hope you enjoy it anyway!

* * *

><p>Laughter filled every corner of the wooden room. The children couldn't contain it, each pair of gaping eyes aglow with something brighter than the faint firelight they reflected. They hugged their plump bellies and pointed their stubby fingers at him, at the silliest boy in Berk, as he hunched over the circle of little ones. He stretched out his bony arms and curled his fingers like claws, slowly lifting his feet, one-by-one, mimicking the heavy footfalls of a great animal. The ridiculous young man's lips furled inward and his teeth jutted out, one of his brows furrowing as the other

quirked.<p>

His face suddenly straightened, and he looked at them with eyes just as wide and bright as their own. His lips spread, pinching at the left corner in a puckish smirk.

"And if they _see _you," he said, "you better run, or they'll come right up to you..." the boy stomped closer to the children, leaning over the tubbiest child ominously. "Look you in the eye..." the tubby blond child gawked back at his diabolical expression. "And _then_..." all the little boys and girls held their breaths as the young man stood stock-still.

"...They GETCHA!"

And he launched forward, latching onto the tubby little boy with his weaponized fingers and mercilessly tickling him. The child shrieked, wriggling to escape, as his peers tumbled over with cackles. Their giggling turned to screams as well when the young man turned suddenly on the others, shouting, "and _you_!" as he snatched at them. First he tickled the dark-eyed twins, who were as drawn to mischief as their father to his honey wine. Next was the thick brown-haired boy who stomped his foot and shouted when he didn't get his way. He screamed louder than anyone when the young man reached for him, not quite managing to get a hold of the secretly frantic child. Then the feisty yellow-haired girl kicked at his offending fingers and rolled to safety as he recoiled, laughing.

The young man's chestnut eyes sought out the last child, the small one who always sat just outside the circle, who would stop in the middle of walking, or talking even, to stare or pick at something on the ground, in a tree, or maybe under his little boot. He always wandered from the pathways he was _specifically_ told to follow, and he asked questions, so many questions, that made every adult's head throb.

Well... he used to. It had been almost three days since his last question â€" "When's mommy coming back?" The answer had struck him hard and fast, and seemed to knock speech right out of his tongue. The boy hadn't spoken a word to anyone since.

He sat with his knees to his chest, light reddish bangs flopping over his fern-green eyes. The boy wasn't laughing, but he did smile â€" a funny little lopsided, gap-toothed grin.

The young man paused. Then his smirk turned positively wicked, and he looked back at the other children.

"But you know," he said over their hysterics, "what ogres like _best_?"

The giggling died down as the young man caught each curious eye with his evil smirk.

"_Freckles_."

The silent little boy's green eyes blew wide.

"They _love _freckles. Sure, they'll chase anyone, but if you have _freckles_," he stopped to shake his head dramatically, "Oh, you're

getting it worst of all!"

A small gasp came from the little boy's corner. At the edge of his sight, the young man watched an auburn head dipping slowly behind a folded pair of green sleeves.

"But!" the bold yellow-haired girl piped up. "But- we all got freckles!"

After a brief scrutiny of the girl's face, the young man waved his hand dismissively. "There's a little bit on your nose, but nothing I'd worry about, Astrid."

The girl sighed in relief, then remembered herself and puffed out her chest.

"But I'm not afraid, I can take care of myself!"

"I know! You could scare any ogre away with that look."

Astrid made as fierce a face as she could, which, it would have horrified her to know, was adorable.

"Ruff, Tuff, let's see if you're safe."

The twins pointed at each other and screamed that the other had too many freckles and would get tickled alive. The older boy winced at the noise and took a few seconds to glance at their contorting faces before passing them both.

"Just some dusting on the cheeks, no big deal."

Fishlegs' freckles were barely dark enough to see against his pallid skin, a revelation that had him swooning backwards to the floor with a shamelessly grateful smile.

Snotlout was in dangerous territory, the young man had to admit, but his dark, large freckles were spread out across his face, not amassed in big enough congregations to warrant real worry. The boy, who almost wouldn't let him close enough to check his face, now grinned confidently, as though he had known the result all along.

The last child's face was almost completely buried in the arms wrapped atop his knees, nothing but the wide, green eyes peeking out over the matching fabric. When they met the young man's glance, his brows shot up, and his head quickly ducked down even further, bangs bobbing over what little was left to see.

"Oh, I guess you don't have any freckles, Hiccup," the young man deduced from the lack of evidence. The boy shook his head earnestly. "But... hang on a minute..."

One of the boy's sleeves was rolled back a little, and the young man reached for the little exposed forearm, pointing to a small dot near his wrist.

"Is that a freckle?" he gasped.

The boy let out a slight, muffled yelp, and pulled his arms away from the young man's inspection, holding them behind his back. Too late,

he realized his mistake.

"A-HA!"

Hiccup gasped, throwing his hands over his unprotected face and peeking past his fingers. But the damage was done.

"That's _so many_ freckles!"

The truth was out â€" Hiccup easily bore the most freckles of any child on Berk, speckled all across his face and down his neck and arms. His fate was sealed.

"You know what _this_ means," the young man drawled, leaning in towards his next victim. The boy's eyes were just enormous, filled with that peculiar anticipation teetering between terrible fear and perfect delight.

"TICKLE TACKLE!"

Hiccup's shrieks of laughter escaped him before he could even think to hide them. He laughed until he gasped for breath, and when he couldn't make a sound he simply shook with mirth. It was three days' worth of laughter, suddenly hitting the walls along with the other children's chortles, where it belonged.

"Jack!" a woman's voice called from upstairs. "It's almost sundown, put those things back where you found them!"

The young man finally let go of Hiccup, ruffling the auburn hair with a quick flick of his hand before shouting back up to his mom.

"But they followed me home!"

"You can't keep them, put them away!"

"Okay, okay," he laughed, pulling himself up. "Time to go, guys."

A torrent of groans and complaints hit the young man like a physical force. The twins immediately latched onto his ankles, forcing him to drag them along the floor if he moved. Fishlegs fretted about the approaching dark, Snotlout claimed he was too hungry to go yet, and Astrid noisily chastised them for acting like babies, which actually did not help matters at all.

Jack rolled his eyes.

"Hoo boy..."

It took several minutes to pry Ruff and Tuff from his boots, reassure Fishlegs that the accounts of the Bogeyman he told were just stories, convince Snotlout that the noble thing was to go without a meal for just a little longer, and get Astrid to shut up for a second.

"Okay!" he gasped. "Are we good, people?"

"Yep," Astrid chimed in, presuming to speak for all of them.

Fishlegs looked up at Jack with his best bambi eyes, and held out his arms expectantly. The young man sighed. He nearly toppled over when he heaved up the huge child in his arms, back arching a little further than natural and eyes bulging for a second before he found his balance again.

"_I_ wanna be held!" Ruffnut whined.

"No, _I _do!" Tuffnut countered, shoving his hand in his sister's face. She kicked his knee.

"Guys, guys!" Jack sighed, sticking a foot between them to keep the violent twins apart. This inspired a probably stupid but mostly effective plan. "You know what, here, get on."

The twins caught on immediately, little leeches that they were, leaping up on his feet and clinging to his shins. Considering Fishlegs comprised of nearly two children his age, Jack was almost completely obscured by the little bodies hanging off of him.

"And now I'm decked like a Snoggletog tree... I feel beautiful, thanks guys..."

Hiccup, silent this whole time, chuckled. Jack turned to the quiet child and grinned.

"Right?"

The boy nodded, and the lopsided grin was back.

Now the challenge of delivering each child to his home was at hand. Keeping Astrid and Snotlout from running too far ahead proved interesting, and Hiccup kept falling behind. Otherwise, all played out rather smoothly considering the lunatic crew Jack manned (though it took one to know one... or, well, six...). And the twins only ran off twice!

Night was softly falling as they neared the last house, shadows shrouding over every crook and corner. Jack was free of the child-decorations at last, and the little boy at his side just grinned and nodded while he did all the talking, sometimes making him laugh again. As they approached his door, the boy hesitated, glancing at Jack with those big green eyes. He bit his lip, and drew a breath.

"...I have a question."

Jack stopped. He looked down at the little boy, who stared up at him like maybe Jack had all the answers in the world. The young man stooped down to Hiccup's level with open lips and smiling eyes.

"Shoot."

Hiccup frowned and thought for a moment.

"What happens... when people can't come back?"

"...Like your mother?"

He looked down, and nodded.

Jack took in a breath and held it a moment, letting it out with a heavy burst of air. He ran a hand through his brown locks. Jack was usually the expert at children's questions, like "Where do babies come from?" (They grow on trees), "Why is the sky blue?" (That's not blue, it's brown. Grass is blue. And clouds are green. ...Well your dad is wrong!), or "How do birds fly?" (Magic).

But this...

"Well..." he started quietly, trying to remember what he was told when his grandfather passed on, "Maybe... they never really leave. And you just can't tell."

Hiccup frowned again.

"Why?"

Jack shrugged.

"Because you can't see them anymore. But just because you don't see something doesn't mean it isn't really there."

"But how do you know?"

The young man just shook his head. "You can't," he said. "But... if you believe it's there, Hiccup," he gently grasped the little, vested shoulder, "it can help you fight your fears... and protect your dreams."

Hiccup just stared at him, slightly agape, eyes full of wonder at something his young mind could barely grasp. Was it possible that departed beloveds never left at all, that some crucial part of them stayed right there with you to wage war against your nightmares?

"Hey," Jack said abruptly, interrupting Hiccup's thoughts, "I got a question for you, Freckles."

The little boy blinked. "Oh?"

"How about you and me have ourselves a little troll-hunt tomorrow!"

"...Trolls?"

The complete change in subject seemed completely appropriate to Jack, who just wanted to make smiles and laughter. Inspiring soul-searches was not so up his alley.

"Trolls," he repeated sagely. "Little guys who hide in snow mounds. They steal whatever you're missing and hide it somewhere you least expect it!"

Hiccup smiled a little at the animated young man.

"You can catch them?"

"I've caught like, five, before! But they keep escaping before I can

show everyone..."

The boy grinned, and turned his glance at the young man slightly sideways. From the look he gave him, surprisingly skeptical for one so young, Jack could swear that Hiccup didn't believe a word about the trolls. But the boy just nodded and said, "Okay..."

"Alright, I'll get you in the morning," Jack stood at his full height again, shaking out the ends of his winter cloak that trailed in the snow as he crouched. And because it was asking for it, really, all round and red and freckled, he tapped his finger briefly on Hiccup's little nose. The boy's face scrunched and he frowned up at the chuckling young man. "See you then, Freckles."

Before Hiccup could close the door behind him, Jack's voice carried back to him over the further darkening roads.

"And Hiccup!" he called. "Bring skates!"

* * *

><p>An: **AS;LDFJKASL;DFJKsh... yea. o_o

I don't know whether to go further with this or leave it as a one-shot! I mean the rest is kinda implied... right? ._. And if I do continue, how far to go... When I finish/if I get far enough ahead on my other fic, maybe I'll come back to this, otherwise, not sure...

Also if I continue this it has the potential to be slash... not necessarily, but... just saying, depending on what route it goes, it's a possibility. Where it stands right now, it's absolutely not supposed to be slash lol.

UPDATE: What I'll probably do is make a sequel that will have slash, leaving this one as it is for those who prefer gen... I don't know when that will be but someday! ._.

So um, I know at first Hiccup acts like he's four, then like he's eight... I don't know he's a smart kid alright! Amazingly coherent sentences and high comprehension skills... but still a lil munchkin who hides in his shirtsleeves. ^_^

This story is made possible by reviewers like you.

Thank you.

End
file.